

RUSSIAN CRUELTY:

BEING THE

SUBSTANCE

OF SEVERAL

LETTERS

FROM SUNDRY

CLERGYMEN

In the New-MARCK of *Brandenburgh.*



Whitehead (G.)
K

LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

*A*MONGST the many Sins that the Prophet Amos reproves the People of Israel for, want of Sympathy towards their suffering Brethren is not one of the least.—Woe, says he, in that beautiful sixth Chapter of his Prophecy, to them that are at ease in Zion—that put away the evil Day—that lye upon Beds of Ivory, and stretch themselves upon their Couches—that chant to the Sound of the Viol, and invent to themselves Instruments of Music—that drink Wine in Bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief Ointments—But—and an awful But it is—are not grieved for the Afflictions of Joseph.—This—this brings up the dreadful Rear;—And if this was a Crime under the Mosaic, much more under the Christian Dispensation. When our Blessed Master saw Martha and Mary, and the Jews weeping, we are told that he wept also.—And if he wept only at the Death of a Friend, and at the Calamity of a private Family:—On that Account,

P R E F A C E.

how much more ought his Followers, as the Elect of God, to put on Bowels of Compassion, and to weep with those that weep, when Calamities become Epidemical, and their Fellow-Christians are suffering all the Horrors of a bloody War? The following Extracts open to us a little of such a shocking Scene.—Nothing more, I imagine, need be added, to recommend them to the Consideration of the Christian Reader, than to assure him that they are authentic.—And if a gracious and infinitely condescending God should vouchsafe to make them any ways instrumental in exciting Gratitude in us, Sympathy and Benevolence towards our distressed Protestant Brethren, and earnest Prayer that this monstrous Scene of Cruelty and Bloodshed may speedily be closed by a safe, an honourable and lasting Peace, it will fully answer the End proposed in this present Publication by,

Courteous Reader,

Thy willing Servant in

our Common LORD,

London,

March 2, 1760.

G. WHITEFIELD.



E X T R A C T
O F A
L E T T E R
F R O M A
C L E R G Y M A N,
I N T H E
N E W - M A R C K o f B R A N D E N B U R G .

D E C E M B E R the 22d, 1759.

W H A T the *Russians*, our most cruel
Enemies, have performed is manifest;
they have departed the *Prussian* Terri-
tories, with the Marks of *Satanic* Inhu-
manity, and the Character of Incendia-
ries.—General *Fermer* was an Angel compared with
Saltikoff.—After the Action at *Fullicon*, there have
been committed Inhumanities exceeding all Expres-
sion.—Innocent Blood has been spilt, with respect

to old People and young Children, without Distinction; the same *Russian* Valour has been exerted, by debauching the other Sex, in a more than beastly Manner: By beating People almost to Death; by plundering and destroying what could not be carried away, and by setting Fire to Towns and Villages, &c.—The Clergy, in particular, have been most shockingly dealt with in some Places.—The rich Villages along the *Oder* are a very Desert.—With inexpressible Grief, I behold daily those poor People that are in Want of all Necessaries, with their Children, some of these at their Mother's Breasts, coming to my Door, dead-coloured, and full of silent Woe, and Sorrow in their Looks; that it is enough to break one's Heart.—The Province of *Sternsberg* is a Desert; and can you believe that *Silician* Families who formerly were worth, from twenty to thirty thousand Dollars, now go about a begging; and that the rich Noblemen, which are deprived of their all, are not ashamed to accept of a small Charity? O God, our Calamity is inexpressible! And when, Oh! when, shall it have an End? Who knew, before, how grievous it is to be forced to save one's self by Flight, in the Winter Time: Here you may see it, where the Inhabitants of the Places adjacent to *Poland*, pass by with their Wives and Children, each having a Bundle under it's Arm, often without Shoes, or Stockings, walking thro' Ice and Snow, to retreat into the inner Parts of the *Prussian* Territories, to escape the barbarous ravaging Parties of the Enemy—Bread is very dear, Trade is at a stand; in short, we are removed far off from Peace.—The first of *September*, the *Russian* Lieutenant *B*——, arrived in our Province, with a Party of the most barbarous *Cossacks*, having passed the River *Wartha*, by swimming; the Town of *S*——n, was demanded to give five thousand Dollars, Contributions;

tributions ; but he was contented with fifteen hundred Dollars. During his stay in the Town, he sent his Party to the Villages around it ; where they in a few Hours, have caused greater Calamities, than the whole Army of the Enemy the Year before. Our worthy General *Kalso*, lived at his Country-House, *Follem* ; he desired the Lieutenant, by a very obliging Letter, to grant him a Safe-Guard ; but the Lieutenant sent him one of fifteen *Cossacks*, who threw him down to the Ground, pulled off his Cloaths, whipped him sorely, and then scorched him with lighted Whisps of Straw ; after this, they cut every Thing in the House to Pieces, and took away with them a valuable set of Silver Plate, by which the Loss of that worthy Man amounts to eight thousand Dollars, besides the far greater Loss of his Health.—From the Behaviour of this small Corps, you will easily conclude the Conduct of greater Detachments.—The Lord be merciful unto us, and excite, also, the Compassion of our Protestant Brethren, who live in Plenty and Safety, by the Free Grace of God, to part with a small Matter of their Superfluity, for the Refreshment of the Hungry, the Naked, and otherwise afflicted Christians here !

E X T R A C T

O F A

LETTER of a CLERGYMAN, in the
New-Marck of Brandenburg.

February 16, 1760.

OF all the Countries of the King, the *New-Marck*, and *Pomerania*, no doubt, are the most miserable. The former may be counted the most barren, in Comparison to all others; and even *that* feels the afflicting Hand of the Lord most. The Winter is as severe as it was in 1740, yet we were obliged to take our Flight in the greatest Cold, as I shall mention by and by.—The Calamity is very great; of which it is easier to say, Come and see! than to describe it.—As for our Defenders, we need not consider them; for we have none: And if we had them, the exhausted Country would not be able to maintain them. Consider then, how those many thousands, poor Inhabitants, must fare, of which many are in want of Bread, of Wood for firing, of Cloaths, of a Roof for shelter; and (the Lord pity them!) have no Refuge to others for Relief.—The People die at this Time in far greater Numbers than ever. The most natural Consequences of War are *Hunger*,—and we feel it;—infectious Distempers, upon Men and Cattle;—here they are;—Pestilence,—

Jence,—which, O Lord, be pleased to avert!—Our Country abounds with different miserable People; but those deserve the greatest Compassion, which find it much against their own Heart, to complain to others of their Misery, and, on Account of their Circumstances, cannot go a begging, or get their Bread by daily Labour; which is the Case of the Farmer, whose Letter is also subjoined, He is an honest Man, a tender Parent, a sincere Christian, but much troubled in his Mind, as you see. How greatly does he deserve every one's Compassion! I have already with me, such a Heap of mournful Relations, as will fill up a large Volume; they are most of them from Clergymen. The annexed Letters come from Persons, who live in a Circumference of about twenty *English* Miles only. What would you read, hear, and how would you be astonished, if you should receive the Accounts of several Tracts of Land, where every Inhabitant's Misfortune furnishes Matter for a particular History?

This Year has been ushered in, as it were, by a new, cruel, and swift Ravage, of a *Russian* Party; the Consequences of which, with regard to many Inhabitants of the Confines, are very mournful. It was the 6th of *January*, when a Party of different *Cossacks* and *Hussars*, upwards of four hundred in Number, entered the Town of *Friedeberg*, under the Command of a Colonel of the *Cossacks*, with five Standards, and a Drum. They pretended to be the Vanguard of a subsequent Corps of eight thousand Men. All the Villages, which they met in their March thither, in Case they were not immediately suffered to pass through, have been put to great Vexation. The poor Inhabitants, having by former continual Plunderings lost their all, except Life, left their Huts, and fled to the Bushes, and Marshes; chusing, rather to die by

Frost and Hunger, than to be tormented unto Death. And many have actually ended their Lives by that miserable Refuge.

On the 8th of *January*, about three o'Clock in the Afternoon, they departed to *Landsberg*. At this Place were posted eighty of our *Hussars* of the Guard, which on Account of the great Superiority of the Enemy, were obliged to retire, and were pursued by the whole Party about a *German Mile*. But as soon as our *Hussars* made a Stand, the Enemy did not make an Attack, but made the best of their Way back to *Landsberg*. Here was no Discipline observed. Part of the Suburbs were pillaged in the first heat. These Parties being used to plundering, have acquired an incredible Dexterity in taking away every Thing with the greatest rapidity. They demanded twelve thousand Dollars Contribution, to be delivered in three Hours Time, on Pain of a total Pillage. This actually began in some Streets, where they could force open the locked Street-Doors. The Horses were taken out of the Stables; and the People were required to ransom them, with as high a Price as the Enemy thought fit to fix, and in Case of a Refusal, they compelled them to it by the *Kantshub* (a); as the Post-Master there has experienced. On this Occasion, the Rev. Mr. *Butner*, Minister at *Martwitz*, had a great Misfortune. He intended to take Refuge at *Landsberg* with his Effects; but when he arrived at the Gate, he was attacked by the *Cossacks*, and deprived of all he had, except his Cloaths upon his Body. This is the third Time, that he hath suffered in this Manner. He complained of it to the Commander; but he only laughed, and shewed him the *Kantshub*. The plundering seemed to become universal in the Town, even

(a) A Leathern Whip.

even while the Magistrate treated with the Commander about the Contribution. People in the Streets were attacked, pricked with Pikes, wounded with Swords, and whipped with the *Kantshuh*.

On the 10th, at Six in the Morning, they got to *Pyriz*. On their Way thither, they met with some Waggon's laden with Corn; they took the Horses, cut the Sacks in Pieces, trampled upon the Corn, and burnt the Waggon's. In the Town, every one took Quarters at his own Pleasure, and plundered his Landlord as he liked.—The Proceedings of this Party are quite unheard of: The very Towns, where they behaved like Devils, at their departure have been forced to give them written and under-sealed Testimonies, of having kept the most exact Discipline. At the same Time, another Corps of such inhuman Wretches, has committed great Outrages at *Coslin*, and the adjacent Country. The Town, *New Stettin*, is pillaged by them in such a Manner, that they have carried the Booty into *Poland*, on three hundred Sledges. It is well known, that all these stolen Goods are sold in *Poland*, exceeding cheap; wherefore, some of our Sufferers, which have a little Money left, take Pains to follow the Enemy, to redeem their own Goods. One of the greatest Misfortunes caused by these Ravages, is the want of Horses. The Season is approaching, in which the Fields ought to be tilled; and the Country People are deprived of their Team-Cattle. This giveth a fearful Prospect with regard to many Parts of the Country.

Do not ask, Sir, why besides the following Letters, I do not relate more particular Instances of the Cruelty of the Enemies. This is a grievous Labour to my Heart. Notwithstanding this has been my Business for two Years past, yet still is my Heart sorely pierced by every new Instance of Barbarity, that is made known to me. I cannot help making another's Woe my own. Moreover, even those, which are put to fresh Calamities, are grown weary to make loud Complaints. They know no Remedy, from long Experience; therefore, they keep their Grief private. It cost me much Labour, before I could get the following Letter from the Farmer. How must that Man have been dealt with, as even this general Account of his Condition is so moving! And there are many more in the same Circumstances.

NUMB. I.

E X T R A C T

OF A

LETTER of the Rev. Mr. L.
Minifter of B. near C.

January 8th, 1760.

I Mentioned in my laſt, that my whole Family was in a miſerable condition. If you will not take it amiſs, I will relate my Hardſhips in general, as you are already acquainted with my former Miſfortunes. Before the *Pruſſians* arrived at *Franckfort* laſt, my Son-in-Law, the Rev. Mr. *Weſſel* at G. loſt all by Fire. After which I received Advice, that my firſt Son-in-Law, the Rev. Mr. *Koch* at C. had his Houſe, with all the Furniture and his Library, burnt down by the *Ruſſians* ſetting the Village on Fire; his Wife, who was brought to-bed ſeven Days after, was forced, in all Haſte, to be carried to *Franckfort*. When the *Ruſſians* took Poſſeſſion of *Franckfort*, my Son there, a conſiderable Farmer, was pillaged, not by the *Ruſſians*, but by the *Auſtrians*, ſo that his Loſs is rated by the Magiſtrates at 2120 Dollars. Some Time after I was acquainted, that my Son-in-Law, the Rev. Mr. *Weſſel*, had been obliged to take Flight for the *Ruſſians*. His Wife, big with Child, was delivered on her Flight to *Stettin*. They know

know nothing of each other. My Son, the Student of Divinity, was necessitated to save himself naked, leaving all behind him which he had not lost by the Fire at *Custrin*. My other Son at *Franckfort* had saved 30 Head of horned Cattle, which he sent to me, to feed them. But, in a Fortnight's Time, ten Cows died. Of twenty great Oxen, four kept alive, but the rest fell away like Flies. Surely the unclean Savages have brought the Distemper along with them into the Country, and among the horned Cattle, seeing the Herds of *Franckfort* have died also. I myself have lost, among other Things, my fine Library. And the Want of Bibles and New Testaments among my poor distressed Parishioners has been generously supplied by Mr. Professor *Francke* at *Hall*.

Note, This worthy Man of seventy Years, who liveth near the Field of Battle at *Zorndorff*, has been put to great Distress, inasmuch as he and all his Family were blessed with Plenty and Riches. But now they are a poor Family. He cannot expect his Tithes from his needy Parishioners; and indeed he has not received any these two Years. Yet he is obliged to walk every *Sunday* to his two Under-Parishes to take pastoral Care of them.

N U M B. II.

E X T R A C T

O F A

L E T T E R of the Rev. Mr. G.
Minister at L. near S.

January 10th, 1760.

IT appeared incredible to me, when I had Notice given me, that there was a Letter, with ten Dollars for me, at the Post-Office. I and my pious Wife could not help weeping, through the Impression of the Divine Providence and the joyful Truth, that in these uncharitable Times, the Lord had left himself some of his People, whose Mouth doth not kiss *Baal*, and who, after the Precept of our Saviour, make a Feast to those which cannot recompense them. In our Circle of *Sternberg*, very horrible Scenes have been transacted. If one should read all the Facts we should not believe our own Eyes, because, in Truth, they exceed all Belief. If I can have a little Time to spare, you shall be circumstantially acquainted with my Trials. You will easily believe them, because you know the *Russians* by your own Experience last Year. Our Clergymen are so ruined, that they cannot get recovered of their Losses and Afflictions, Many of them have died, whose
Places

Places are very difficult to be filled up again, because the Parishes are disabled to maintain them, Our Circle is a very Hospital. The poor People, which fled from one Marsh to another to save themselves, have caught deadly Distempers; and, though some of them recover, yet many die by Degrees, because of their poor Nourishment, which they can only procure by begging. The Judgments of God have increased here to their highest Pitch, because the Word of God, particularly as to the Preaching of it, is so dear and rare, that in eight Months no Sermon has been preached in many Places.

All my Brethren, together with me, have not been able to sow the Field; and, God knows, where we shall receive our Bread. But hope, O poor Soul, hope, and be not discouraged, &c.

NUMB.

N U M B. III.

E X T R A C T

O F A

LETTER of the Rev. Mr. L.
Minister of C.

September 19th, 1759.

AS to my Sufferings, I confess, I am not able to give an Account of all of them. For, what those Barbarians, the *Cossacks*, attempted upon me, when I was deprived of my Senses, I know not. I shall only relate, without any Aggravation, what I have seen and felt.

It was the 2d of *September*, on *Sunday*, the 12th after *Trinity*, when I had prepared the People, the Day before, to receive the Sacrament, and, for that Reason, saw myself obliged to stay in the Village, notwithstanding we had Notice *Saturday Night* of the Arrival of the *Russians* at *B.* As soon as we perceived the *Russians* on *Sunday Morning* marching over our Fields, and were afraid of being overrun by a roving Party, we came to the Resolution to shut up the Women and the Children in the Church. The rest of the Inhabitants stood around me in the Street. No other Expedient cou'd be found out, because of the Plains about the Village. About eight o'Clock a ravaging

ing Party of sixteen *Cossacks*, of a very horrible Visage, galloped towards us. We went out to meet them, and asked with all Meekness what they wanted, offering to serve them to the best of our Power. The Answer was, Money! Money!—Six *Cossacks* dismounted immediately, and fell upon me, at the same Time that the others dispersed the Inhabitants by their Pikes, Swords and Kantshuhs, until every one concealed himself where he could. In a Moment I saw myself deserted of all my Parishioners, and surrounded by these Savages. I offered them one Dollar, which I had put in my Pocket; but that was despised and thrown on the Ground, with these Words; Give Ducats! give Rubles! The same Instant, all six laid hold of my Arms, pulled me about, bared my Head, and beat me. In the first Fright, one of them threw a sliding-knot of a Rope of Horse-hair over my Head, endeavouring to choak me, and threw me down to the Ground, beating and pushing me. During an Hour and a Half, from eight to half an Hour after nine, they used various Kinds of Barbarity upon me, which I shall relate in general.

My bare Head was covered with Blood and Swellings by one Stroke with a Pistol, and more with the Kantshuh; as was my whole Back miserably beaten and dyed with bloody Stripes, by the same Means, and by their naked Swords, by which they every Moment threatened to split my Head. With the Rope I was choaked one Time after another, so as to be deprived of Breath and Senses.

After this they led me with the Rope about my Neck into my House. I delivered up all I had left, which was one Dollar and eight Troshes. That was accepted, but more demanded. I pleaded my Poverty, and the Plundering which I
had

had suffered the Year before: Upon which I was again thrown on the Ground; my Cloaths, except the Shirt, were ripped up and drawn over my Head, and my Body was sorely whipped from all Sides. Upon which I was again choaked for some Minutes; after which they let me breathe a little, but renewed their cruel whipping. One gave me a Push on my Breast with his Feet; and another tore me, with my Back on the Ground, to the Door of the Chamber, fastened the Rope so as to choak me again, that I lost Breath and Feeling. In this Posture my Boots were pulled off with such Force as to tear the Strings off the Knees, without being unloosed. I was left for dead, and I don't know how I came to myself again. But when I did, I saw what was done, as the Strings of my Boots fell off my Knees.

After I was permitted to rise up, I remembered that I had concealed my Watch. I delivered it up. It was accepted with Laughing; but their Ravenousness was more inflamed. Now were the Ducats and the Rubles to be given up. I begged on my Knees for Mercy and Compassion, pointing at the same Time to my sore Body. But there was no Mercy to be found. Now they cried, Fire! In my own House was no Fire: Wherefore they led me by the Rope into another House. One of them so benumbed me by a Stroke on my Head, that I fell to the Ground. In this Insensibility, my Cloaths, except the Breeches, were pulled off, and the Shirt drawn over my Head, and a fourfold Torture of Fire began. They brought a Stack of Straw, took one Handful after another, lighted it and held it to my Body. As this Method was thought too soft, they laid me on the Straw on the Ground, and lighted it. But, the Flame being quenched by the Movement of my Arms and Body, two laid hold of my Feet, and two of my Head, and held

held me over the Smoak and Flame, till the Straw was burnt up. As this, notwithstanding my lamentable Cries, was judged not hard enough, they lighted more Staw, and threw me down upon it half naked, keeping me fast on the Rope; and all that while that my Back lay on the lighted Straw, my bare Breast and Belly were whipped.

Upon this they pulled me through the Village into a distant House; and there being nothing left but to take my Life, they threatened me with it. They drew their Sabres, pulled me to the Ground by the Hair, and I expected the last Stroke. Wherefore I once more, as hitherto, recommended my Soul into the paternal Hands of God. But the threatened Killing-Strokes were converted again into cruel Strokes, with the flat and back Side of their Sabres, upon my roasted and swelled Back.

Now ensued a new Scene in this Tragedy: For now they resolved to attack the Church. They led me thither. But there my Heart bled, when, after a vain Attempt to break open the Doors, they climbed into it through a Window, when Heart-breaking Shrieks of the Women and Children were heard; which increased when four of the *Cossacks*, which had jumped in, raged among the poor People, by beating and pulling off their Cloaths. The greatest Part of them thronged out through the Door on the other Side. But what a mournful Sight, when the Beating and Plundering now began in the Church-Yard! O what an affecting Sight was it to me, when I observed my dear Wife under the Hands of these Savages; and what Grief pierced my Soul, when she was thrust to the Ground and robbed of the greatest Part of her Cloaths. The *Cossack*, which kept me by the Rope, led me to her, in my dismal Condition, which, at first, made me unknown to her; but, when she came to know me, she was
most

most sorely grieved. Yet my Intercession to save her, because she was sick, through the divine Interposition, had such an Influence upon the Hearts of these Savages, that they let her go half cloathed, without using any other Violence. My poor Children ran about among the Crowd, crying bitterly, and escaped happily, except the middle-aged Daughter, who was unmercifully whipped, and robbed of Part of her Cloaths.

These are the principal Circumstances of my Sufferings; but I must not omit humbly and thankfully to acknowledge and to adore the wonderful Goodness of my God: For, though I am of a cowardly Temper, yet, in the Midst of these hard Trials, I was supplied with an undaunted Spirit, with invincible Steadiness, and firm Trust in God, without which I must have been dead, through Fear, Terror and Anguish. Often did I recollect that Scripture; "He that is our God, is the God of Salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the Issues from Death. (b)" This Deliverance and Salvation I also experienced, and the Fire could not exert its full Power upon me, as the Strokes had their Measure: The Shirt about my Head was not burnt by the Fire. Some of these Barbarians, indeed, were moved to Compassion, and, upon their Desire, the most cruel *Cossack* of them all, in green Dress, was at last obliged to take the Rope from about my Neck, who dismissed me with a final furious Stroke over my Head. My God has not only eased my Soreness, but (what has appeared incredible to all who had visited me, and seen my Back and fore Body) has freed me from all Pains. It is true, for nine Days after the Affliction, I had the Palsy, which put me to some Fear; but that

(b) In the German Translation it is thus: "We have a God, who saveth, and a Lord God who delivereth out of Death.

too the Lord has removed. And, though I am brought to the greatest Distress, by being twice plundered, yet I know, "That the Lord's Hand is "not shortened," &c.

Note, This Minister liveth now in Health, and laboureth with Success in his Parish, but is in the greatest Poverty, yet with Humility and Submission to the Lord.

The Rev. Mr. *Opperman*, Minister at *P.* has had the very same Trial and Sufferings on the 2d of *September*; with this Difference only, that he has not been so unmercifully tortured by Fire, as the other. However he has been so cruelly beaten, that the Rags of his Shirt could be plucked out of his deep Wounds. Since that Time he is very weak, and liveth in great Want.

The Rev. Mr. *Noht*, Minister of *Dietz*, who, tho' he has not been so barbarously dealt with as the former two, yet has been beaten so unmercifully that he was full of bloody Stripes all over his Body; after which two of the *Cossacks* threw a Cord about his Neck, dragged him between their Horses, and left him for dead in the Field.

N U M B. IV. and Last.

L E T T E R of Mr. *W.* formerly a wealthy Farmer, at *G.*

February 9, 1760.

My dear Friend!

YOU have often desired me to give you an Account of my Loss, and the Calamity caused by it: But though I know that I would find Compassion, and, if possible, even actual Relief from you, yet I could not prevail with my bleeding Heart to describe it. Now, I shall not any

any longer Delay to comply with your repeated Request; but don't expect particulars; the Grief of my Heart will not suffer me to specify them, even to my Brother. Pray for me, that my God may be pleased to support me, that I may not perish under the Weight of my Calamity.

I endeavour, every Day, to forget my Misfortunes; but the encreasing Want is a heart-breaking Memorandum of my encreasing Distress. How much was I blessed by the Lord! Of me might truly be said, and whoever knew me would break out: Whatsoever that Man doeth, prospers. Among my Goods was nothing got by foul Means, not a Farthing extorted, which might accuse me before God. You know the Education of my dear Children, which stand much in Need yet of me, as a providing Parent. I take Pains to conceal from them the Sorrow of my Heart, because these innocent Creatures have not deserved, to have encreased by me, the Burthen of their tender Life.—But when I am alone, I smite my Hands together, and mourn for being at a Loss to provide honestly for my Wife and six Children. Whence shall I receive Bread for them, here in the Wilderness? And whence shall I get Cloaths, for me and seven Persons, equally near and dear to me, as the calamitous Period still continueth? My Circumstances require many Servants. Two Harvests are lost, nothing is gained. My Rent, O Lord have Mercy upon me! I am required to pay it, and I must pay it: My Tears find no Compassion. To supply all these Necessities, I have nothing in Store, and I live here only on the Mercy of God, which is the only Relief that is left me, and of which I do not despair.

To sum up my Misfortunes, I have lost every Thing. I thought to proceed very prudently, but my God in his Wisdom would have it otherwise. A small Part of my Possessions I kept at Home
with

with myself; another Part of them my Wife and Children took along with themselves to her Parent; and the third Part I lodged at *Custrin*. In the two first-mentioned Places, I was pillaged; and in the third, I was deprived of that Part by the Flames. Thus cometh my Poverty and Want as an armed Man, upon me. My Wife and Children, which before, I could embrace with Joy, I cannot now cast my Eyes upon, without being grievously touched. Indeed, I embrace them with a Heart of paternal Affection, but I perceive it clearly, that they are sensible and sorrowful, that Matters have undergone a great Alteration. Neither do we discover any Remedy, by which we might get even the daily Necessaries. The Calamity is universal, the Dearness great; and I cannot prevail upon my Heart to apply to any Body for Relief. My Calamity renders me dumb and silent.—More Tears than Bread. If the Lord God, who has wounded me, and can heal me again; who can give Water out of a Rock, and Bread in the Desert; in whom alone, alone, I put my Trust, all human Help being found deficient: If God, I say, the merciful God was not left me, I had perished before now, through my Distress. For, my dear Friend! be it made known unto God, my nearest Relations desert me. — I must desist writing any further; my Heart breaks, and my Sores are ripped up again. God be with you. Pity one in great Distress. Your Comforts will refresh our Hearts. I am also, &c.

7 AP 33
By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost—Good Lord deliver them.—Make no long tarrying, O our God.—Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly, *Amen* and *Amen*!